Or neuer more to view nor day nor light,
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well : nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed : soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good *Simonides.*

*King.* To you as much : Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

*King.* Sir, You are Musicks master.

*Per.* The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)

*King.* Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir

*Per.* A most vertuous Princesse,

*King.* And shee's faire too, is she not?

*Per.* As a faire day in Summer : wondrous faire.

*King.* Sir my daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well that you must be her master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

*Per.* I am vnworthy to be her schoolemaster.

*King.* She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.

*Per.* What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre*.
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so high to loue your daughter,
But bent all office to honour her.

*King.* Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

*Per.* By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought





Of mine leuy offence; nor neuer did my
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her
Or your displeasure.

*King.* Traitor, thou lyest.

*Per.* Traytor?

*King.* I traytor.

*Per.* Euen in his throate, vnlesse he b
That cals me traitor I returne the lye.

*King.* Now by the Gods I do applau
*Per.* My actions are as noble as my t
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for honours ca
And not to be a rebell to our state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me
This sword shall prooue hee's honours

*King.* No? here comes my daughter,

*Enter Thaisa.*

*Per.* Then as you are as vertuous,
Resolue your angry fa.her, if my tongu
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made loue to you

*Thai.* Why sir if you had who take
At that would make me glad?

*King.* Yea mistris, are you so perem
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile tame you ile bring you in subiection
Will you not hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I kn
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary
As great in blood as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistris, eyther fr
Your will to mine; and you sir heare
Eyther be rul'd by me, or Ile make
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: being ioyn

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)